POOR TOM.

THE Fleet's equipt for ſailing, the ſignal appears,
Tom kiſſes his Suſan, then ſad on board ſteers,
She cries "Tom, farewell Love, prove conſtant to Sue,"
Tom's heart was ſo full, he could ſcarce bid adieu!
But when far away from his dear native ſhore,
He thinks, cruel thought, he ſhall ne'er ſee her more;
This heartfelt reflection, drives peace from his mind,
He ſighs for his Suſan, and friends left behind.

Tom's rouſed from thought by the boatſwain's loud cry
"Each man to his ſtation, the enemy we eſpy;"
—And now cannons rattle the ſmoke veils the ſun,
So deſperate on both ſides—they fire gun for gun—
Tom views his brave meſſmates beſtrewed on the deck,
His once gallant ſhip now appears a mere wreck;
Loud ſcreams big with horror, reſound o'er the main,
Some ſhouting for victory, ſome dying with pain.

The Britiſh Tars conquer, then homeward they ſteer,
The reward of their hard earned victory to ſhare;
Poor Tom, though deprived in the fight of an arm,
His mind's ſtill undaunted his heart's with love warm;
When firſt ſet on ſhore he haſtens to Sue,
Receives the ſad kiſs, he laſt gave with adieu,
She views her maimed hero and as their tears flow,
Thank's God that preſerved him from death's cruel blow.

Now mark well the ſequel, his country's regard,
For his valour-loſt limb, behold his reward;
Poor wretch! forced to wander the whole kingdom o'er,
And beg for ſubſiſtence at each humane door;
Till at length ſtruck with famine, ſome ditch is his grave,
Unnoticed, unpitied, thus dies Tom the brave,
Bluſh, bluſh, you in power, whilſt truth I relate,
The ſtout tailor, doomed to this hard fate,
Tom's not the

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